Blue

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Summary: Felix falls, but Piers wasn't too far. Felix/Piers. One-shot.

Chapter 1: Blue

A little one-shot. I don't own. Enjoy!

Blue

Felix saw a shadow in the water. It was his own.

Time passed much slower when he wasn't the one steering the Lemurian ship. Jenna and Sheba always wanted to take command. This was like a game to them. Piers was finally reunited with his ship several days ago and he never got to command it once since. He understood that the girls, and Felix too, were fascinated by the ship and wanted to steer it. He had done it most of his life and decided to let his friends try. He would stand back with his arms crossed and a benevolent smile on his face, making sure everything was going well.

Jenna was probably the worst commander of them all. She was too distracted, looking at everything there was to see and she had bad reaction time and hand-eye coordination. Deep down, Felix ever only felt safe when he was in control. Surely, it would be fine if it was Piers, but he never got to experience being Piers' passenger.

When it wasn't Felix's turn to take command of the ship, he would wander around the ship, mostly left alone to his thoughts and he would stare off into the distance. He had seen many different kinds of fish, more fish than he ever thought he would see in his life.

Oh, the light of the setting sun reflecting off a school of fish. The surface glimmering in the sunlight. So pretty and mesmerizing. Felix was never a big fan of water, but the ocean and all the little things of it are simply gorgeous. Felix could not stop staring at the blue depths, which seemed infinite and eternal. His own shadow, yet again.

But then, the coast. Oh, Jenna and her bad steering. The ship rocked as Jenna failed to evade the coming coast on her left. There was a sound, a sound you never wish to hear. Like a loud, obvious crack. But the Lemurian ship is a great ship. This little scrape would not damage it. Felix, almost simultaneously with the crack, felt himself rising, shifting, falling towards the unknown. Head first. Unexpectedly. Like a bad memory. Really, it would have been better left unknown.

A loud splash.

He could feel it all around him, he could feel it in his bones. The cold, the fear. He couldn't breathe. He was paralyzed. He would have moved, but he didn't know what to do. For what seemed like an eternity, Felix drifted away into the darkness. And then, nothing.

There was this reverie. An incredible feeling of strength. Enveloping him like a protective force. Was it death? It was much more comforting then he thought it would be. He moved, finally, but not by his own will. He rose and rose higher, elevated. And then, the sun.

His eyes opened again as he noticed there was air steadily coming in and out of him. Lazily, he looked around. He was

in his cabin, lying wearing only his pants, covered by a soft, heavy blanket. It was warm and comforting, like that presence...

What had happened? He couldn't tell... He was too tired. He sat up on his bed.

"Oh you're up!" That voice. He stared as the blue-haired sailor walked into the room. "I'm so glad! We were all so scared!"

"What happened?" Felix's voice cracked. His throat was sore. Talking hurt.

"How can you not remember?" Piers asked, surprised. "The ship brushed off the rocky coast and you fell overboard."

Oh yes, that's right. Felix was confused but could slowly put the pieces back together. There was a moment of silent, but none of them minded.

"You saved me?" Felix finally asked.

"Well..." Piers hesitated. "Yeah... I guess." He gave Felix a warm smile. Piers was too modest.

Felix stared straight at his saviour. It had been him. The presence, the protective strength. These arms had held him, these strong, toned arms, and had brought him back to life.

It had been just like death. Felix could not explain but he had never been more scared in his entire life. Drowning is scarier the second time. Yet again he had been saved. Yet again he owed someone his life. But he was glad it had been Piers.

How long had he been under? What little he could remember haunted his mind. As realization that he escaped death a second time slowly hit him, Felix felt lightheaded and lost. Covering his forehead with his hand, he took a deep breath. He was holding back tears. This was not the time.

Piers took a step towards him, reached out and replaced Felix's hand on his forehead with his own. Felix stared at the Mercury Adept as he seemed to concentrate for a moment. The hand felt warm and strong. The pressure it applied on his head was very comforting. Under Piers' touch, Felix drifted away. Sleep wanted to claim him.

But then, the hand disappeared, taking with it Felix's brief feeling of calmness and serenity.

"It seems you have caught a light fever." Piers said. "It is true the ocean is quite cold. Here, I'll take care of it." The blue-haired man, with his careful and yet powerful hands, helped Felix back down on the bed, with one hand behind his head tangled in his hair and the other on his back, his bare back. The hand was much softer against his bare skin then Felix would have thought. He stared at Piers as he hovered over him for a second.

Ply

Piers had never been much of a healer, but when he had to heal someone, he took it very seriously. He was like a good doctor, caring, competent, patient.

Felix felt his body invaded by the magic. It wasn't the first time, but it was different. It was very soothing, like a dreaming.

Piers' hands were moving over him, he was staring down at Felix, with a concentrated look on his face.

The fever went, and Felix felt much better.

The door opened again. Two girls shyly walked in. Piers was done.

"Hello, girls." He said.

"Hi Piers..." Jenna said. "How is he?"

"See for yourself." Piers moved away and Felix suddenly felt empty. He wasn't far but too far still. Jenna approached her brother. She looked down at him with a shameful look on her face.

"I'm sorry." She said. "I wasn't careful."

"I wasn't careful either. It's my fault." He answered, trying to make his little sister feel better.

"No, I shouldn't have hit the coast in the first place." She insisted. Felix didn't. He smiled.

"I'm fine."

"If Piers hadn't been looking at you, no one would have seen you had fallen. And you would be gone, again... Because of me."

Looking at me? Felix wondered. What was he looking at me for? Felix blushed.

"Don't worry, Jenna. Everything turned out fine, that's what's important. You'll more careful next time." Piers said. The man who had been looking at him. Felix blushed an even brighter shade of red.

"There won't be a next time. I don't want to steer the ship anymore." The girl was obviously very upset.

"It's okay, Jenna." Sheba tried to reassure her friend, putting her hand on her arm. Piers smile at the Mars Adept.

"It's getting late." The captain said. "We all had a long day, we should be getting to bed. It will all be better in the morning." The two girls walked out of the room, the smaller one trying to comfort the taller one, who seemed inconsolable.

"Do you need anything else, Felix?" Piers said, walking back to where he had been standing before, close. Felix shook his head. "Alright then, I'm off to bed also. I won't be far. If you need anything, call for me." No, he'll be too far. Piers turned around and Felix's heart started racing. He'll be much too far. I need him here, Felix thought. As his friend was walking away, Felix unconsciously grabbed his shirt and Piers stopped.

Piers turned around, silently asking what it was. But Felix stayed silent also, staring at Piers. "What is it?" Piers asked, worried.

"Don't go..." Felix whispered, he was tired and felt weak.

"Are you feeling okay?" Piers walked back to the bed and looked at Felix, putting his hand back on the boy's forehead. Felix smiled under the touch. Piers smiled back. "You seem fine." But he let his hand there, brushing off a strand of hair from Felix's face.

"I'm very tired. I would like to go to sleep." Piers stated.

"Don't leave me..."

Piers looked down at Felix. The taller man looked so cute. How could he say no?

"You... want me to sleep here?" Piers asked, unsure. Felix nodded, blushing. "Should... sh-should I sleep... on the floor?" Why he was stuttering? Piers couldn't tell. It was like his strength, his confidence left him for a second. Felix shook his head, blushing even more.

"Very well..." Piers left for a minute to go get ready for bed. Felix felt very lonely while he was gone, but he knew he would be back soon enough. And soon enough, Piers walked back into the room, wearing only shorts, with his gorgeous blue hair down. Shyly, he walked to the bed and Felix made some room for him.

For a few minutes, both boys stumbled in the small bed trying to find a comfortable position. They moved next to each other, staring into each other's eyes through the dark. Surprisingly, they weren't tired anymore.

Clumsy hands explored untouched skin, clumsy lips met, clumsy declarations were made. Words of love were exchanged but both were so lost the words became part of the atmosphere dancing around them.

Felix felt surrounded by the strength, comforted by the warmth, breathless from his activities and incredibly happy. Piers was all over him, drowning him, but he was glad to drown this time. It was like a dream. There was ultimate bliss.

And then, the sun.

Thank you for reading. Please review!